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Woolf, V
[Diary]
April, 1906 - Aug. 1-14, 1908

Itinerary.

Guyldenwick. April. 1906.

Blo Norton Hall. Norfolk. August 1906.

New Forest. Xmas. 1906.

The Skys. Plazden Jarvex. Aug. Sept. 1907.

The Close. Wells. Somerset. Aug: 1908.

Manorbier. Wales. Aug: 1908.

In a placid & matter-of-fact frame of mind
the solitary traveller makes start on
his journey. If you are one you
will have so strangely little to think
about; your wants are so easily
satisfied. So, then, smoothly &
unlaboriously I travelled from one
End of England to the other today, asked
but little information, found train &
carriages, directed my luggage, &
deposited everything at Mrs Turner's,
in Seaglesmuck, delightfully late -
because it mattered to no one.
It is just that scrupulously clean,
prosaic lodging I wished; & so for
my solitude has been exquisite, &
delightfully amusing. When will I dine?
When will I breakfast? I settle
precisely according to my own taste, &
then the door is shut on me. & I
may read for two hours peaceably if
I like. The only sound that disturbs me
is the Northern express shooting to Edinburgh.

NYPL

For this is no snug Inbarbican lodging,
beneath a park door; the moor rises
in waves all round; great crags of
rock make a back ground, seen
dimly seen in the April twilight.
& wild gusts of the moor are driven in
at the open window.
It is a discreet little Northern town, swept
clean & simplified, ~~why I know not,~~
~~by the~~ but with gabled pettiness &
vulgarity by the nobility of the country in
which it lies.
But Mrs. Turner is locking her door, &
~~chattering~~ jingling the candles outside,
& really, as far as one may gather,
nothing profitable is to be looked for
in the scratching of pen tonight.

NYPL

the second day of my solitude opened
propitiously with sun & sky. I celebrated
the 1st day with a bun, my only
sacrifice to the Gods, if it could in
any way deserve such a name.
With curious reverence not a bell rang to
tell the world it was a feast day; holiday
was kept vigorously however in the roads.
I walked out along one which I christen the
Sacred way, because it leads beneath such
a tremendous hill, pale with shivered
sheety ~~black~~ stone, & met bicycles & motor
cars flashing along till walking was
hardly pleasant. But I owed you
various routes over the hills, to be
carried out I hope, if all goes well - touch wood
to say it forth is welling. In explanation
of this singular clause, I must explain that -
Garth ran from me, swiftly & stealthily this
afternoon, as though bent on some sudden
& criminal errand. He fled back here,
cowered in the doorway, & trembled &
shrunk away when I tried to coax
& then to coerce him to view what

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Strange when 7 fear or boredom come over him
I can not explain to my own satisfaction
at all.

So it came about that I walked over
Steps Brig - (a pass) with W. all.
& saw the largest view in the country side.
The moors rose & rolled away, for miles
on either side, losing themselves mists
to great promontories like Lugleborough, or in
to Strange sugar loaf blocks, & then
merging on their way again till they
reach the Lakes But the mist covered
them.

The moors are given up entirely to
sheep, & are intersected by stone walls,
no tree or hedge grows on them. Here
& there you see a bleak stone house
in the hill side, in which the shepherd
lives. In making way this land is like
Cornwall; but I have not time to determine
the differences.

All the sheep had their Lambs, & were therefore
bold & even defiant.

You find strange fortifications on the moors,
forces & ramparts, so smoothly built & so
carpeted that either nature who the
architect, or some primeval man.

A book of the place becomes necessary.

NYPL

Again I have accomplished a day of partial solitude; except that I begin to make conversation with Mrs. Turner when she brings me my meals. But she is polite rather than communicative.

The unhappy spell of holiday is still upon us; the roads are almost impassable. So, dragging forth on a chair, I crossed the road, & took the pathway shown me at the back of the wood, & so on to that high moor, with its pale side of ash gray rock.

It was a curious walk. I followed a narrow pathway, on the verge of the moor, protected by a stone wall, from a sheer drop of I dont know how many feet. The road wound directly beneath, so that a motor car even might be followed for some distance, squirming black on the white road.

Then I found a less precipitous place, where I might descend for a few from these rather bleak altitudes. But it was not easy walking. The side of the hill, which is sufficiently steep to need an almost skiing posture, was is strewn with a thick layer of loose gray stones; some

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a considerable rejn. As you walk they slip beneath you & rattle down, in a miniature avalanche, to the bottom. And if one looked down, the slight was a little giddy: so I clambered somehow, unseen hastily, & caught at trees & bushes till the descent was over. And after that I found me a Grass seat beneath a rock, & lay in the sun, looking at that skeleton like hill before me, & others vying Grand & tragic behind it & far away into the distance. A walk here, I find, tends to be rather an heroic undertaking. I amused myself with planning the country side into Bloomsbury & Piccadilly, & setting St James Street & Marble Arches on all the hills & valley. But imagine this my domestic life passes like some very placid hours on a lake without a wave or ripple.

All the trees here are red & purple, but not green yet. This is not a country that is very sensitive to changes of the season I imagine. In winter it looked much the same. Two thousand years ago it looked as it did this afternoon; in that continuity lies its singular Grandeur & Stability. Perhaps. Yet. Two thousand years, again may well leave it equally unchanged.

NYPL

A monotonous song has been sung by the
wind all day. At night it rises. But
the sun was brilliant, & did make a
fair Easter morning. At eleven the
silence [illegible] Jagganath was broken
by military music; the Jagganath fane
of Christian soldiers was thumbed out of
brass & drum, & the volunteers marched
to church, posturing as it seemed the
righteousness of their proceeding at
every step. Then there came a
procession of clergy & choir; & I
had had a mind to see the service,
which promised to be instructive; but
on the whole decided the other way.
Then in the afternoon I made the
ascent of the Attermatier Thau (how you
spell the strange foreign sounding name
I know not) - the last moor which
makes a high background for
Settle. It screens all view of the
Country on the other side. I persevered
though the way was steep & slippery,

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& gained such a view all the country
round as I rested my eye &
completely. But this a strange country.
Even set into a desolate sea waves,
gray as stone, with but a sprinkling
of green on them. Here merge into
each other, sink & swell again, till
one can reach no further. No road
or house seems to adventure out
to them; & the likeness is unavoidable. On this
a barren sea scape ~~is strange~~.
Other side however, here country is
more cultivated; & the plain is
set with houses, & threaded by the Rabbla.
All through Settle there were groups
lounging; waiting the 'abatement of the Sabbath'
To morrow, all the furies will be let loose
once more, & then, perhaps peace.

NYPL

One might almost keep silence over today; for it has been tacit in its quality, uttering nothing memorable in its course.

I walked, & was stopped on the road by an elderly gentleman who had laid a match a minute ago to a train of gunpowder, & was waiting for it to blow a crack in the rock, when "pieces might be flying". So I waited with him under shelter, & had a hop, like a toy gun, which was satisfactory & innocent, & went on my way.

It was difficult to beat against the wind, but I made a laborious circuit without much delight in it, & struck the road at the top of Guggleswick Hill, & dropped down into the valley.

I saw a hare, & several trains. & climbed walls made exactly as walls ought not to be made; high & loose, without any foothold. I generally ~~found~~ made a hole, & ~~in~~ carrying several lumps down in

NYPL

my petticoat. And Gerta has to be pulled by his collar.

After tea we visited a certain master — his wife, nameless even here, for decency's sake. The wife is perk from Newnham, & has brought all her qualities to aid in this congenial atmosphere. A cottage on a Yorkshire moor is shewn as soul for theories: I imagine the letter the writer home, & her delight in herself as a suitable person in the right place.

It was an ordinary cottage; but angularly tables, green carpets, & such Chairs have made it self conscious: a cottage with a purpose, — The Crudity of these young people may be Gauged by the fact that they write their Creed, in red ink on a strip of brown oil over the hearth — It is a quotation I am told from William Morris; & they have Christened their son after a hero in George Meredith.

I cry with emphasis but ambiguous voice; because I can't say exactly where the confusion arises, or what it is that makes the combination of literature & life, & Drawing room & Kitchen so disastrous.

NYPL

Today was memorable at least for a really successful walk, to a place called Frigor - a virgin like name, to be set beside others like Attamasca, as something singular, a belonging to no regular system.
We got into a strange vale between two moors; ash turf, with flocks & herds feeding there, but no house or human Creature. It stretched a long way, sequestered from wind or any blast from the outside world, a dream like hollow between gray moors; and finally we looked down upon Frigor, a little village of farmhouses, a church. I suppose for this pastorage land.
I thought what an odd fate it was to live in an old stone house all the days of one's life in the village of Frigor when the whole of the world lies open to one.
The road wherein Jane et li pas meir lui is grown with grass:
& as we walked along it we come upon

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tenters of some kind, making a shelter
out of the hood of a cart; & ranging
their household goods in the ditch -
They sprang up & asked us for matches,
had I been to alone it would have
been unpleasant. You could see the
savage elemental look of demand in
the mans face; as though to one do
to certain people were legitimately
to certain simply it was his natural
instinct to ask other people to supply
him.
The great melancholy moors,
sweeping all round us, like tragic
audience, or chorus, mutely attendant,
grew black, & veiled with mist.
Rain came down, & the moor country
seemed well pleased at this change
of mood. Storm & rough weather suit
it better than bland & innocent skies.
But words! words! You will find
nothing to match the scenery.
the pictures,

NYPL

Today the singular & rather pleasant
phenomenon was seen of great white
flakes of snow falling across a deep blue sky.
But they were merely tentative, & abortive,
& ceased by midday. In the afternoon
however, walking to Lanercleuch, & there
was a bright line of white on the top
of Ingleborough; which indeed is magestic
enough to veil his crown in the clouds
occasionally. It was a lovely
walk, along & the valley. We met on
a Shepherd digging mournfully at a
drain which cuts across the road. One
of the Lambs, apparently, had run
into the funnel of this drain, which
stretched into the field; & had gone
probably too far to be dug out alive:
& left a wood on the briar showed her
where he was lost. The minute &
anxious care with which every separate
lamb in the flock is watched suppresses
the stronger; the lambs seem so innumerable,
& their destinies so unimportant. But

NYPL

Every fact, did one know it, is full of
interest, which are important facts, to
those details, to an experienced age.

Lauckland is an old Manor House; too
small now to be restored, & thus a
beautiful specimen of simple Domestic
building, standing just off the road where
every one may see it. All its original
Gables, & Gargh worn features are here
untouched; & it is flanked by rough
farm buildings, houses of an earlier date still
perhaps. You see how neatly self
sufficient the old house was - & still perhaps.
remote in the Yorkshire moors as it is,
needs all its resources.

The Matrons & Girls of Lauckland
Conclave this afternoon upon the scheme
for boarding out poor children: substantial
Squireries, ruling their broad acres with
Eff capable thumb, parson wives,
village gossips, &c. &c; but the Yorkshire
type of Dentry is distinguished, & decided.
They had come driving in from distant Halls -
Parsonages,
high gig.
& rattled off again, in waggons -

NYPL

When one makes a perfectly successful
undertaking of any kind, some kind of
offering to the Gods seems fitting.
And of all undertakings, these short
Expeditions, which last no more than an
hour or so, are most easily finished -
made perfect in their round sum of
good or ill. If I had any Gods
here, or any libate to lay at their feet,
I should make some offering for the
Gift of Eyes - no two & a half -
Sweet hours of accomplished happiness.
which were bestowed on me this afternoon.
By birth a purpose I make use of words
implying some thing handed down to me, all
were, from on high; because the hours
seemed so complete in themselves, so
little the result or sum of all what had gone
before or the prelude to that which was to
be that one might figure them simply
thus - as a Gift set down in the course of the
ordinary Day. But this preface is more
than sufficient. I delay in truth, because I
shall get no nearer the words by making
a direct record for them than by press
delaying on Devising upon Daily upon the
entstirb.

NYPL

In the face of those great moors, even perhaps in their midst, is to be found a country very different from them but united only by its great beauty. The contrast is partly the charm. You walk upon very gentle downs, which fold themselves into steep hollows, & are fringed with slender groves of trees. It is an undulating, and suave & country, lacking the abrupt majesty of the moors, but filling them in a certain romantic charm; a kind of pathos from its more immediate connection with human kind. The gray farm, with its walled garden, with do much to humanize a whole sweep of the field & down. And by that one means here, perhaps, something by no means cheerful & domestic, but melancholy & appealing rather; for the land is remain a half tame thing, with all a wild creature scarring for freedom in its eyes.
For 2 hours I met no single person; but listened to the queer cries & the comedy of plovers & curlew, wheeling close above my head. For the afternoon was almost cloudless, & singularly warm.

NYPL

"A very dark morning Miss" said Mr
Turner; but I confess that I have no
no judge of the morning's complexion at
6. a.m — for lack of material.
Indeed, now I think of it, I was surprised
to see how much light contrives to
shed itself while I am asleep; I thought
that the day bloomed as my eyes opened.
I will not attempt here the merits
& demerits of Cataloguing that Egyptian
Day's Expedition. I shall say only that
we found ourselves at the Manchester
Zoo at 11.30: a pleasant & [illegible]
if that fact does not weaken its own
history in mere pertinent regard, then
I can come by. imagination is a
[illegible] wonted Jade. The Manchester
Zoo! . How grotesque are these
[illegible] strange little Lives shown in to
which life ~~of chance~~ Ellis one
on occasion. Had anyone predicted
that I should visit Calcutta in his
Company the year I should have agreed more
readily than at to the suggestion that this
should be an Expedition. You can

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imagine Cremorne after Pendennis had spent
a night there, in the daylight, with
the fireworks gone out. You can
imagine the ghastly pale grottoes, &
in the enchanted lamps, the Gimcracks
temples & Pagodas, in which one might
still buy a bun; though one paid with
horror. And occasionally, more
grotesque than all, one came on a cage of great
lions, & a live Zebra; & a great-
haired melancholy monkey,
sick & peevish after their night's debauch.
~~For lonely they to~~
It was almost unkind to visit them at
their hour of deshabille; But perhaps
the most ghastly touch of all was
when a man fired a rocket from
a the edge of the chilly pond, &
the light shot into a pale April
morning which ~~who~~ ~~shuddered at the~~
seemed to shudder & instantly by the
force of cold common sense at rocket-
at 12 ~~in the~~ midday in the
Manchester Zoo! No wonder the hyenas
howled; & the hippotomes wondered if they
had sufficient energy to yawn.

NYPL

4th Aug.

Blo Norton Hall.

—

It is a theory of mine that the newer you are the better for this old things. No one but an American young woman, conscious of crudity as some revenge of the flesh, would have plunged into such depths of ugly age as we find here. The house is Elizabethan, & it has been too injudicious to restore beyond what is needed to make it a living house; & it is too remote & solitary & ancestral for anyone to wish to live here, except Americans who find all these qualities, I suppose, medicinal. Still, it is rather comfortable even for English people, to find that such houses can be endured & unfended, accumulating so much quaintness & beauties with every year, all over England; despite the great towns & the villas.

And age has a great charm. Nothing of our own day could reproduce all the harmony & exquisite peace of this little old house, as it stands over ages, yesterday Evening. It is so modest, & sound, & solid all through; as tho' the centuries

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had only confirmed its original virtues.
As for were made honestly, they seem to say,
so through all time to come shall but
prove & establish your virtue.
And such domestic beauty, all small & quaint
& even humble as it is, appeals to a true
homely sympathies. It is so good that
London people should live & respectably;
beauty & splendour were seen not for the
surface alone, but they sank down, down,
till all layers of the strata were well
steeped in them.
The American, I began to see, needs a deep
bath of antiquity: & few English people, I
think, could endure such a dose as fully
Big Norton stall is prepared to give them.
we must bring trained in it.
Last night We are to begin with 7 miles
from a via railway; & every mile seems
to draw a thicker curtain than the last
between you & the world. So that
finally, when you are set down at the
stall, no sound what ever reaches your ears;
& the very light seems to filter through dog
layers; & the air circulates slowly, as
though it had but to make the circuit of the
stalls, & its duties were complete.

NYPL

had only confirmed its original virtues.
As for us we made honestly, they seem to say,
so through all time to come shall but
prove & establish your virtue.
And such domestic beauty, all small & quaint
& even humble as it is, appeals to a true one.
homely sympathies. It is so good that
Londoners should love so respectfully;
beauty & splendour were seen not for the
surface alone, but they sank down & down,
till all layers of the strata were well
steeped in them. A very respecting thing!
Precious place England must have been all
the American, I began to see, need a deep
bath of antiquity. & few English people, I
think, could endure such a dose as fully
Big Ventor steamer being Staff is prepared to give them.
We are to begin with 7 miles
from a thin railway; & every mile seems
to draw a thicker curtain than the last
between you & the world. So that
finally, when you are set down at the
Staff, no sound what ever reaches your ears;
& the very light seems to falter through dog
layers; & the air circulates slowly. as
though it had but to make the circuit of the
Staff, & its duties were complete.

NYPL

Now have such investigations as we could make today pierced behind the curtain. We seem to be in the middle what in geography is called an 'undulating plain' well cultivated, but, apparently, almost deserted. The corn brings the fields; but no one is here to cut it; the ~~trees~~ churches ~~stand~~ hold up their broad prongs for signs all over the landscape, but no one, save perhaps the dead at their feet, allied to their commands; the windmills sail round & round, but no one turns their sails; it is very characteristic that the only signs of life in the land should be that produced by the wind of heaven. How sleepy a ancient a people must be, who rely on the free gift of heaven still. But, the wind seems fairly competent; the sails turn slowly, all day long. This, need I say it, is the kind of work an useful traveller makes; when no one will eat it is only made because of his all, such notes are the things one makes before one begins to reason or to know. And like the images of childhood, they stay bright.

NYPL

A second day reveals the fact - as facts go - that the country has possibilities. This morning for instance, we wandered into a marsh fen, humming with dragon flies, & heated with meadow sweet. A pale windmill guarded it, stationary to day for though the wind is God's wind, we must not require it to work for human profit on a Sunday. Or how do the orthodox interpret their Symbols? Again in the afternoon we stepped some four miles out of our way into the by. We had prudently to keep to the high road, which was flat, but picturesque & lined with broad strips of green on either side. We passed two temples of three different sects, so that, by reckoning by the number we met on the road there must be 10 orthodox christian & methodists in Boston. Children count only as half souls, because when they grow up they may have souls for themselves.

NYPL

number of the hostile sect, or, presumables
build a fresh chapel for themselves.
The old Churches. I ask myself - & this
only a whisper after all - date from before
the Black Death, when sheep farming prospered, -
pretty thrown: but now that the sheep
are gone, & American lives in the States,
the Landowner, how does piety thrive at all?
And yet look at the great solid Chapels!
So thinking, arguing, & Expounding we
tramped along till we reached a Cross roads,
where two legs post waved in three
different directions. Here was the
appropriate place to part; one road led
to Straigford: & the other back here to the
profound seat of solitude, dug, I think,
somewhere very near the centre of
England. Don't I feel the steady beat of
the great Creators heart as I write; & dont
the Church there record its pulsations.
this evening, & for six hundred years & every
such an hour?

NYPL

The fens almost surround this house
And all the land is very flat, so that
the landmarks resolve themselves into
Churches & windmills. The river, the Lettle
Cause deserve it sometimes; you
may leap it - & fall in as I did this
afternoon - but all the same it is not
a hazardous jump. Ten or so feet wide
mud at any rate. And there
radiate various minor tributaries, ditches
I should call them, dividing
at their confluence with the river.
or sometimes fenced with barbed
wire. Altogether, though a walk in this
for has a singular charm, it is not to
be undertaken as a way of getting to
places. Windmills have a way of staying
absolutely still, or receding, to one who
approaches them. [illegible]
However, after leaping a circumnavigating -
breaking through reeds, & scrambling beneath
barbed wire. It is pleasant to lie on
the turf a fig. steering by windmills -
towers to indicate on the map where you
are & gradually. Today I found the afternoon
waning & the Lettle cause.

NYPL

In a very short time unfortunately it becomes
clear how very sheltered was that
Spencian Spring that Norfolk ~~was~~ had
no inhabitants. It is not necessary here
to go into details, which would be unpolite;
so I will only make the innocent remark
that directly you begin to study the habits
of creatures they become astonishingly
frequent & well ordered. Here, it seems,
one needs only but very little trouble in
order to discover a whole network of
Society. Squires & Parsons, & detached ladies
living in Cottages, who are all interesting
& paying calls, far more punctually & assiduously than in London.
But it is more to the point to remark
that I think I found the real heath, not a
mile from our door. It is a wild place,
all sand & bracken, with innumerable
rabbits, & great woods running alongside,
into which I plunge; fine green drives
as shady as any in the New Forest.
It is a strange lonely kind of country:
a carriage comes bowling over the hill,
& one watches it pass & disappear & wonders
where it comes from & whether it goes, &
who is the lady inside.

NYPL

Shall I confess, without meaning any kind
of confession, that it is possible for
one day to be much like another
here, & not in the least dull?
I go for my usual walk; which has
for me the interest of a discovery,
because I go, armed with maps into
a strange land. Windmotes are my
landmarks; & one must not mistake the
trees for a ditch. The heath attracts
me most; because there are no fields.
The fen plays you false at every
step. I walked through a jungle of
reeds & felt up to my nose in mud.
And if one found one here, the weedy wind
were a fit plover call, & no robin
red breast would bear me!

NYPL

'If this were the time & the place to
uphold a paradox. I am half inclined
to state that Norfolk is one of the most
beautiful of Counties. Indeed, let the artistic
stand; for so there will be no need to
expound it. And truly, it would need a
Careful & skilful brush to give a picture
of the strange, grey green, undulating, dreaming,
philosophizing & far remembering
land; where we may walk to miles &
meet no one; where soft grey paths
skirt gently over the land; where
the roads are many & lonely. & the
churches are innumerable, & deserted.
There is no use in a man closer gaze
at present. But it is worth saying
that the man who walks here, & becomes
initiated into the secret domesticities
of the place - who falls of them - the
more you love it, & know it. And that
sage as much for a place as for a
person. It is so soft, so melancholy, so
wild, & yet so willing to be gentle;
like some notable enfamed woman
of conscious beauty that she has
beauty. that she has no beauty to vaunt.
that nobody very much wants her.

NYPL

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It is one of the wilful habits of the brain, as
words that we at least, to let our generalities for
the sake of comfort. what it will only work
up it's own terms. Centred terms.
You bring it directly opposite an object.
It merely shuts its eye,
& bed it discovers;
a turns away. ~~Then it will~~
But in a moment, or 3 three or seven.
suddenly without any ~~easy~~ telling, it
pears out the whole picture. Gratuitously.
Some such power perhaps may be in store for me
Still: entire heights of the Acropolis for
Norfolk fens may swim before me;
I know I shall have to wait many
months before I can see there.
like the light that reaches us from the stars,
it will only shine when the ~~Sun~~ spiritual is
has been shed.
So then, to come to the heart of the discovery,
there is no use in presenting here a picture
of Norfolk; when the place is directly
beneath my eyes. I see at this
moment a wall coloured like an apricot
in the sun; with touches of ~~muddy~~ red upon it.
The outline ~~of the~~ a angle of the roof & the pale
Chimney and Completely filled with Smoke
dark blue sky, as though some gigantic train
had laid a smooth wash of paint across the
back ground. It is the kind of blue for a

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reason which I can hardly explain that makes
me understand why a rook wing should be
said to 'drip' with the acc. from the
wing of a flying herd.

A certain rather look of disheveled in the
creepers & shrubs that climb the wall in
front that there was a great gale the other
morning; which is further borne out by the
recumbent posture of an apple tree in the
middle of the lawn. & has spilt all its
apples in its downfall. And a very keen
eye or nose. or both. may detect a look & scent in
the air which, in spite of the
sun, hint at September. It is a
different opening & matching word, no one
could mistake the day for a summer's day.
Yesterday, I took a bi-cycle ride to a place
called Kenninghall. It will not talk about
the bicycle; or there would be no time to
deal with the church & the village, & some
aesthetic antiques who would be committed. when
the palate. Now Kenninghall is famous in
the Ordnance map per a Saxon &c. burial ground:
a reader of Jefferies will take this chance
as a task. upon such Sunday
But at Kenninghall the Christian church
was alone its was obvious; of curiously moulded
tower, with a spilt clock, and & shewed Sicily is
most decorously grass against a soft plumage of
the trees. Moreover there were gravestones
with some neat elegies. As for instance the

NYPL

his Conception upon Mrs Susan Batt (shall we say)
Wh. appears as it is written. soon
She nor any would take that plainness
and most abhorred could not get
which, I think, has the virtue of drawing a
picture of the righteous old lady, albeit the lens
is angular. Parenthetically we may
write down another fragment, observed at Market
Weston:
His ~~all intellectual attain~~
His superior intellectual attainments
Could only be appreciated by
the superior few.
This truly said:
His Best his moral worth
&c &c
This is broken up duly into long lines
Shot, set with capital letters, & cut deep.
Black into a square sheet & mark.
It is an ~~ugly~~ utter eighteenth Century formalism;
when the superior few were not ashamed to
call themselves so. interesting & entertaining
A very curious, interesting, (I think I swear it)
article. I observe her Epitaphs: because
might be written upon
when you have exhausted their the salad
oddity, there is really a solid lump of pro
to dug out beneath. I mean a so, very
attitude of perfectly honest: a
characteristic. The eye of the people.
However, Mrs Susan Batt was no Saxon;

NYPL

& we must contrast his Graves.
So on the authority of the Map. We asked a
small native for his Saxon burial Ground,
& were directed by him to the Christian
Churchyard; Saxons they may have been to him:
&, to the shame of Kensington be it spoken,
no one there, not even the photographer, knew
where the Saxons were buried; or indeed
had ever heard that there were Saxons.
So taking the map's word for it, we headed
to consecrate a mound in some gentleman's
park; & certainly I could see no reason
why Saxons should not have been buried
here.

But as one had to climb a gate, a walk beg
a mile, the last we decided to do over
Conjectural meditations from a distance;
the charm, I own, was not very potent, whether
one must blame the distance or the South

NYPL

The advantage of bicycle. almost I would say
the advantage. is that it gets you to
places. Our Grandparents never saw Shetford
or Diss, unless it was upon the wedding tour, in a
high fog; or upon the Christening of the first
born, or on some other solemn feast. demanding
the sanction of the market town.
But I can ride there in an afternoon: to buy
postcard or grapes, or merely to look at
certain curious old houses.
A very hot August day. a bare road across a
moor, & fields of corn & stubble - a hazy sun
& wood fire smoke - innumerable pheasants
& partridges - white stones - patched cottages -
heaped with corn - sagacious dog, great waggon
Sage post - ting villages -
farmers carts. Compare men ab somehow into
a picture; I am too lazy to do it.
At any rate after an hour riding I dropped
down into Shetford, which seemed to me with its
gentle Mead & river, & its smooth turf slopes
outside something like an Italian town
the knowledge Extracted from the guide book
that there was a nunnery here in the middle
ages helped my imagination. Certainly I saw
with my own eyes a Roman Catholic Padre
step out of this ~~convent~~ monastery or
door, ~~a lay sister~~ with a biretta on his head,
a generic with long ecclesiastical nose the
Dahlias in his neighbour garden.
He moved [illegible] a quick (I think) circle Shetford;

NYPL

x whatever way I went, seemed to take me
across low stone bridges where anglers lounged,
with their rods across the broad ~~swift~~
~~lounged~~ Stream. Housemaids were sitting on the river
banks, leaning on the elbow over a paper mood,
while their charges dabbled in the shallows. waters.
No one was able to say exactly what
does go on in these meadsome towns set in the
heart of England at about this hour on a Summers
afternoon. It is all so picturesque & accidental
that to the traveller it seems a pleasant
show got up for some benevolent purpose.
Certainly For when you come upon shepherd men
leaning their elbows on a parapet & dreaming
over the Stream beneath, while the sun is still high in the
air, you reconsider what you mean by life.
Often in London shall I think of Shefford, wonder
if it is still alive; or whether it has really
ceased, peaceably, the whole town fast asleep for
would notice it at all ~~slowly~~ for one
to wake up one morning.
But Coming home in the evening through great open
spaces of fields it was borne in upon the mind
that something was alive enough. Call it
what you will. for the whole air was rich with
energy, ~~steeped~~ brilliant with colour.

NYPL

The New Forest Christmas.

Just now as I wrote these words & saw them dry in juxtaposition it struck me that perhaps their alliance was natural & not accidental; that I had by chance laid my finger on a clue, to an old riddle. for why does the forest always disappoint me? & why does Christmas disappoint me too? &
at once feel they both promise something something glittering & ruddy & cheerful.
& when you have it you find it not
there such so good as you expected?
The forest is too benign & complaisant;
it gives you all that you can ask;
but it hints at no more. There are
the long green drives, & the tracery
branches against the sky; there
are wide open spaces where you
are freed of symmetry, with trees single
elms & trees & their trunks & their boughs
stately - so mediaeval: "so wild - so free. So
praise that you must give, & give
willingly. but there is no residue that
will not plump for remains unexpressed.

NYPL

for lack of the fitting word. So be candid
the forest is a little sleek & a little tame;
it is Saxon without any & Celtic mysticism;
it is stayen & florid, stately & ornamental.
We have no use for forests now, & yet
this one is preserved reverently, when
the old spirit has died out of it.
~~We can only play at~~ So it comes
about that there is always something
artificial about the place, & its lovers.
They You will not find the real country
man or woman here, any more than you
will find arduous fields that are
still turned assiduously. No: the
country labourers are wont to pose
as characters learned in forest lore,
& it is a lore peculiarly picturesque.
Much of this attitude is probably inevitable,
for the forest is different from any other
piece of England, & imposes different
customs of necessity. It is easy for
example, or so I have found it, to
feel yourself withdrawn from the outer
world, & enclosed in a thick girdle of
trees. The rolling land is fenced off, &
you must be forced through narrow
ways between trees where ever you turn.
There more or is all the peculiar language
of the place to be learnt & you stay,
& you gallop beyond all others here is the old
hart, the doe & the fox:

NYPL

Colonel Vowse who never missed a meet
& knows his way through the forest better
than any ~~Yeoman~~ of the hatters: such
old gentlemen are not unusual, but in
other countries surely they have fewer
grooves in which to run so smoothly.
The forest is an ideal place for the
old & conservative; here are so many
proprieties to be observed, & they
are so decorous & easy of approach.
So this is why Christmas, ~~had~~ is
kept so appropriately here. You can
almost fancy that the woods had been
been arranged for the festival, & hung
with holly, & sprinkled with snow.
Christmas day ~~itself~~ seemed to melt & the forest
you left the dinner table with turkey &
& crackers - & cake with a ~~cheerful~~
& sprig of holly in it - & you
stepped into an ~~exact continuation of~~ a world where
these emotions were continued unbrokenly
& we walked along a crisp white road,
& then beneath dark laurel evergreens.
Here were fences glowing red; & every
& the twigs were iced with snow.
Then it grew ~~cold~~ & the ~~pearly~~ evening
sky lit up - flame coloured, a clear &
healthy - with the black trees sharp against
& But O for the dusky roll & ~~tone~~
~~long~~ Northern moor, or the melancholy
cliffs & of Cornwall.
wing & the sea. Here you hear the

NYPL

Golders Green & Hampstead

July.

Last Sunday, the 6th, to be precise
I made an expedition which seems to me
to deserve commemoration. The
Twopenny Tube has now honoured us
for as Golders Green; so that sinking
into an earth laid with pavement &
Lawns at one end, you rise to soft green
fields at the other, the ashen dark & the
chill of the cold flicker of electricity is
replaced by the more benignant
illumination of daylight. Indeed
on Sunday there was a sky & a sun; &
the exuberant holiday making of the crowd
had some excuse. Work, we all of us
let out at Golders Green; which from
fate to apply to a dusky triangle
between cross roads, which was now
occupied by a cluster of little people
sucking like bees at some gaudy &
profuse flower. Their little island
was a refuge from motor cars which
shot past constantly almost shaving
~~their~~ the slices from the edge, &
added a high blast & a low blast,
not inappropriately to the tune.
Some of us, for I must associate

NYPL

negro with my fellow, saw this too much in the light of melodrama; we chose one of the four roads as our way into the country. But no real country road, as I could not but remember, is naked so persistently by huge barrelled motor cars; nor do strings of knots of couples of brightly dressed people fill all the way, so that you must steer to get past them. But these were fields on either side through one had to violate some instinct which held them forbidden before one crept under the paling. It seem so natural that all open spaces should be hedged off, or only available on payment; and how the people I met kept to the road in obedience to this traditional belief.

NYPL

My way ~~pointed~~ was across a field of long grass, towards a higher mound — O if I could but see the real county names! — & here was occasional tracks, like those a ship leaves on the sea, to show that bold travellers had gone before me. But ~~at the~~ while I heard the shouts of boys & I could not count myself free. Now it is hard to describe the view, for it was indeed of a most singular kind. Golden green is all red brick; huge factories or railway buildings are specially prominent. Then or to the north (perhaps) there was another separate hamlet, grouped as real village, over up a hill which was pointed by a Church spire. And between these two was this soft land, undulating with long grass & curving into little mounds, a into one mysteriously steep screen just before me. At our feet lichen covered palings, a thatched & field with cows in them, all seemed ready to prove that they were part of the neglected world; & then ~~your~~ the tail of your eye was caught by a line of villas, like a

NYPL

block of childrens bricks set on end.
It was A line of moving heads
at a little distance showed me that
here was, as I expected, a regular
Channel up to Hampstead, along
which one might legitimately walk.
I sat myself down in a corner,
where the trees that are all light
Except the fields, & there eat my luncheon.
The walk which I took afterwards through
the fields lacked somehow the Romance
of walks through real fields;
I fancied almost a fatigue a a
thousand annoyances; & found myself
gravitating, half mekily, towards that
cut in the land where I showed
find a real road, & people.
what matter if we, I will not determine.
It had been but a short time
before, a foot path, & the Clamour
& the afternoon tone was caused by
the fact that it led us past a
real country farm, with a yard & a
dog; I looked in at the window
& saw the family at dinner, & there
was a stuffed Jay in a case.

The Steps
Playden
Sussex

Aug. & } 1907.
Sept

Hazden

It would need a great deal of time
to begin with - then knowledge - then
insight - then language to write
here of Age in such a way as to
do it justice. When you have
lived five hundred years & filled
them with the experience & shall we
say five million men & women -
gen are as complex as a Chaucer
Pantiles - as profane & Villain sentimental
es are & those master sea anemones
which must live on the food that
sweeping ocean brings in to them.
Besides I have a theory that, little
tian all insight & knowledge, genial
supreme power gift, is one single
sentence, ~~may be~~ six words long may
be; & that if we have not this
forming in the tip of your pen you
had better write sedately & the
long; accumulating touche. And
at present I have neither knowledge nor
inspiration: only, I confess, a little
weariness of all brick & mortar. that is
I stepped in history.

NYPL

It requires more imagination though, nor
to read history into the land than to
see a blank sheet of hill & valley.
For Sussex soil has been turned infinitely
often, has been invested like a coverlet,
over graves, over seeds, has been rolled &
raked & baked finally into those ripe
old houses which are so lavish of their
information. And yet we did not come
to the country to listen to venerable gossip
over tea cups: no; we came to hear
certain melancholy birds who have only
one cry, who have only one ~~comment~~ remark to
utter. We came to see land that had
~~since it hardened~~, has ~~been perhaps~~
~~meditating its own secret~~: kept its own counsel,
obeyed its own will, since the day it
carved itself free, before any gave it name
or likeness.

Tonight we speculated upon the stars;
fancied ourselves moored, one of an
immeasurable fleet; & saw the earth
shrunk to the size of a button, its rim
just over there where the lighthouse
marks the sea. This shrinkage was
the result of seeing the moon close
at the end of a telescope, like a ~~lantern~~ globe

NYPL

of frosted ~~Silk~~ Silver, with strange
wrinkles & ~~blemishes~~ conjugations on the surface of the
metal; & it was, for the first time,
viz. a visible token, shining in deed of night,
that the sun was still blazing somewhere,
viz an August sky. You could fancy
~~tropic seas~~ ~~field fields~~ blue. Hard blue
where, on the other side of the world; all
the palms flashing, & the drone of heat;
people sleeping under umbellas; great
melons, & donkeys with water skins,
~~people~~ men lounging within the
limits of hard black shadows — while
here we walked in the vast darkness,
& the tobacco plants gleamed pale &
their fine perfume rendered the air
with sweetness. A true moon flower.
But through the telescope it is no longer
moonlight; but the hot sun, striking
a ~~viz~~ frosty shield.

NYPL

Aug. 22nd

Perhaps some day it may be amusing to read here the name Rasmarsh: it may be then so familiar that the letters shall get with have no existence; or again, it may have broken a gone, like of the names that I can now hardly remember.

We came upon the place the other day, & we looked casually for a Cottage: the Orchard & neglected spring greenery, with Apple blossom. But whether the dark dry little house could be made habitable for a summer, seems doubtful; when I look at those thick walls, & robust floor. It is a little snail-shell of a place, just off the road; in a smooth reach of Country, in no way remarkable. Still it would be pleasant - how pleasant I can still imagine - to think of it as ours in certain London days, when all the world seems made of brick; to know that it lies moored there, ready for us to embark upon. I think especially

NYPL

of walking up at night, from Rye,
all the vague scents & coolness & a country
evening washing over one's body, though things
can scarcely be seen in that light: how
& with slowly go ant; & only tempo with
is seen: at last 'our lane': & I
shall tramp up the flagged path, &
see my chair ready, the table spread,
some sonorous old woman, carpenters
wife or such like, will attend & tell
me the news & the village - how there
has been a sale, & someone has had a
baby; & the postman is dead. She
will chirrup for her cooking, & hope
I have everything I want; & leave me, lighting
her lantern 'O I can find my way there,
& the moon is getting up." Such
are the contrasts that one must
try to make, in this world, to strike a
balance. But I will not
continue this hasty & inadequate writing
I will the question demands rather heat meat.
yrs

NYPL

Last night, as it was fine & quiet,
we speculated a little from our terrace, &
we heard the faint blare of Brown's
trumpet. A fair? we asked; & set
off, for the sake of the walk, & perhaps some
happy accident of light & rustic Comedy, to
follow the sound. We went down to Rye
by the road; & met from a number of
silent passengers, driving or walking, thought
it was close upon eleven; which gave
one an odd notion of the populousness of
the Country & all the odd business
that these people must be following.
In Rye itself there was much pale light
& street lamps, some lounging figures, but
no fair to be seen, & hard to be
heard. We walked back then, by way
of the road skirting the marsh, which
leads beneath the cliff. The flats glistened
beneath the moon, & there were odd smooth
shadows by the wayside, all dark, like water
colour. Sportsmen might shoot snipe here in daylight,
in long coats: by night these would be the
poacher & the highwayman, or the local leader
Coach, baiting its horses at the Inn, & paying
toll. Here we stood silent, a
little knowing [illegible] noises crowded upon our ears

NYPL

the dog bark & one cock crow, then the
cough of certain sheep, cat in in the fields,
then the cry of some bird. At last a
great luminous form, semi transparent,
came rattling before us; with a body like
some phosphorescent caterpillar, & fine smoke.
a curled plume of smoke, ash opal & white,
issuing ~~as a flag~~ ft. from the front of
it. Then there was a very dark bar
with bright bar of moonlight across it,
so white that our shadows were cut
on them. And then our fast
little horse, which we manage to think
so substantial with its eye & light,
like many others; no, we dont include
the world here. We are dotted about
on the surface; So many things are
passing about & around. Excludes an
infinit number of things.

NYPL

I have almost I think determined that
two things that lie outside my provinci-
cant be covered by any skilful casting
of words; & the first is the detail of
an expedition, & the second is the descrip
appearance of a great space of English country.
So that though there is every temptation
tonight to say something of a whole day
spent in the open air, & an expedition to
Fairlight & back, I dont see how to
attempt it, nor does my conscience goad me
to try. I should have to begin by saying
when we started, what road we took, the
nature of the vehicle, the adventures of the way,
& at the time I should have to be pacing
a scene for the progress, running beforehand
with a breach in my hand, hastily felling in
the matter solid matter fields & the
sky. Something would then have to be
written of Fairlight, & history & prospect;
& again I must descend to the particular,
& drag the cart up that weary hill. And

NYPL

there would be the picnic next - stay
enough, I have the pony un-stabled -
& a phrase or two of conversation,
while the view is somehow ~~known~~ in
introduced, made perhaps to the text
of the discourse. Then the chord would
toll - & it would be time to go: We
should stay a little, remembering, in mellow
mood, upon such expedition; the shadows
would lengthen, & that broad sunlight we
which keeps all after return journey -
a skilful pen might limit the parables
without ~~speaking~~ it - ~~not~~ - would be
observed now to lie ~~on the land~~
And so on, &
across the land.
So on; till the heart was in his stable,
& was at other tea. A consideration
Ennalist would not leave till the
shoes were taken off, & his hair tidied.
& no trace of this long dawn at mercy
was to be seen.
This is as it should be, if I were younger, &
more daring. But no; the things
I really choose to remember are these, I think.

NYPL

When we got to the top of the hill
we saw the sea, far below, very flat;
up so much like blue velvet that it
the ~~illusion~~ of sea & sky was hardly
visible. Ago there were rounded green
cliffs also; a cow-field which meant he
laid directly against the blue.
Also there was a gigantic stone fabric,
~~paired~~, a platted in the valley; an
incongruous a painful regur, a ~~&~~ some
brittle excrescence, which had managed to
endure, against the natural laws.
There was a graveyard; & no antiquity-
indeed the church ~~was~~ was new,
suggesting somehow a practical place ?
practical ~~as~~, rather than ~~any~~ spiritual
significance. It was as weather & water
proof as it seemed possible against any
other pageant of mankind.
Also there was a small boy who carried
beer in a rough brown cloth, to the harvesters.
He could not measure distances, nor did
his mind seem able to get beyond the
shadow of the pail. Hey this year
prospector
he will not pick hops, which is sleepy work;
he will go down in the harvest in,
undertake a job in Bexhill; and he has left school.

NYPL

Sue not free promein to hear such; as
to the blackberries. "Look at them filberts"
Agile-er. He was agile in mind & body;
swift to see all things in helps ready
signs all the way, invisible to us, bron
Quick little animal; & you shall become
an air drugged old labourer, with a
brick in your back, living to be 80,
picking up in that time only a few habits
of mind in this part of Essex, some
knowledge of the signs of the weather, & a
animal kinship with the people in
your village; perhaps at moments
Jem with have a free sense that
his idiot ah, & that you have had
scarcely your regrets here. But then
with always he beer, & the knowledge
that your fathers lived this life for
Centuries, & found it good enough.
after ah, one might fare worse; Uncle
Bill, for example, went to sea, & never
Come back again. As they do say
that there fine things over seas; but
I guess a mile may hide here.
'Jolly bit' was his word;
see there were great horses. Stamping up
the hill with a great cart waggon of
bark wood; when did they cut it - what will
be its use - & the wages to know - to
understand - that engrossed toil at it.

NYPL

How this tool is organised, how the whole tool field it fruits punctually in the right places. Supposing
The greatest imaginative feat of would
be to understand the point views
of a Sussex labourer: Man is two
much of the 'pathetic fallacy' in all
our novels; fears in a dog eye,
Joy in an old horse. XI

Sept. 3rd:

We wish to write down some pictures of what is now going on here, in the County of Sussex, in the month of September, really vexes me, whenever I take a walk. Yesterday for example. We set started along the road to Winchelsea, in a colourless evening light which soon became of a drifting grey tint. as the clouds trailed along the wind & sprayed our faces. Winchelsea on its sombre mound grew grey almost shadow like black, with more deep liquid (as though compared among different grades of blackness) shadows & its touch of: there was light toward Rye, but the highest point was the hamel of the windmill, which was grey. The clouds shift, tear drag apart, & go in tattered sheets right a hanging down with frayed edges right across the landscape, filling all the air with different lights & glooms, populating it. giving it variety & romance. Our best view is that we take from the hill top here; Sea Rye pointed with lights, and sombrely maned upon its hill; dark tonight

NYPL

as though the rain had drowned some of those
fine points so that clear on other nights.
And the land all round was gone
black & turbulent as the sea; where we
could still see the clouds changing &
travelling in the air; they only it seemed
as though the air itself was all broken
& confused, a shattered medium, no
longer a tranquil void for clouds
to sail in. The river lay
pewter pale on at the base of the
hill; the clearest & most peaceful thing
in the landscape.
There is a certain evening hour, when
the tides meet I think it is, when walking
is one's finest treat; even on a chill
night such as this. The road is
but a blurred grey vapour - hard &
people & things come towards you all
distorted & unfamiliar; walking two at
a strange quick pace, & when you
past you before you expect it. The
light of a carriage lamp cast on the hedge
as the effect of some spectral shrouded
figures, just about to vanish.
Happy
before into a point & disappear.
Ecstatic float the mind out into the vague;
Spur them on & seek not to recall it.

NYPL

It is beautiful at evening to walk out
along the bed of the sea - ~~slippery~~ now all
slippery hay coloured grass, with curving
dykes. to Camber castle, the grey treport
which lies midway between Rye & Winchelsea.
The grey of this old stone tones the landscape,
if, waiting in haste & in private, I may
so embrace - is it sense or sound? - All the
view just now has a lovely pallor - ~~Evanescent~~
whites & silver greens - & pale straw colour;
the pearl where sheep make the highest light
in the landscape; & always on either side
there are the two shaded bones of Rye -
Winchelsea; Rye, it is true, still bristling
with red roof & chimney, but Winchelsea -
all sunk into the dark layers of its foliage.
In the background - if we walk upon -
stage as it were, with our faces to the
audience of the sea, there are the softly flowing
hills, & then behind Winchelsea a high
screen of down, with an oblong church on the
top. Yet it is a very pale of charm
of a certain transparent lucidity: a little shallow,
as though you could see through the pale
if the light were just a little stronger; but
at sunset the depth is exactly right, a luminous

NYPL

~~There is~~ This morning the sound of a
Scythe but sharpened proclaimed that it
was the gardeners day. ~~Although~~
He comes only twice a week. Mr. Gabriel
is his name; he stands six foot, but his
prodigious stoop must lose waste at least
ten inches. All day long he has
been swinging his big scythe across the
lawn, so regularly that you might fancy
him a figure moved by clockwork. Nor did
he pause. But when I went to pick
roses, & complimented him on the
fineness of the crop, he wheat willingly,
ah tremendous & bedewed with his toil.
His eyes had pale rings round the pupils
as you have seen in the eye of some vague old dog:
He settled the 3 degree of heat, "the hottest day in
the year, & to augment my esteem that here
R.S. was a fine gardener with a contemptuous
"She studies a bit." Ah, I daresay she knows
something about roses - But look at the
terrace there - one would have thought it
nice to keep it neat - Borders is borders -
terraces is terraces - what on the bed for.)
seek her - But she will have flowers ripen

NYPL

here, in among the stone work – entirely it
seems to me. But then it be fancy.
We made the garden, Mein; made the steps –
the beds; ah, it was very hard work."

NYPL

Let me note the effect at Camber Castle
to night of the grey stone walls against a
pale sky of scarlet plumes. The stones
seemed as though blurred, with a
rough surface, & the colour was more
mottled than usual; with a suffusion
of violet tint in it. The
ring of castle wall holds a little
heat, like a cup ~~brimming with~~
brimming with soft vapours.
The grass also within the circle
is far softer & richer, more like the nature
of garden turf. Even the coarse sea-salt
grass of the marsh land outside.

The chimneys of ~~Rye, pricking~~ the town,
rising in steps, make the outline, at a
distance, of the little pyramid, ~~seen to~~
best. The night still compensatingly
as though for safety, within the circle of the
wall; for all, from the east, fall
lodging homewards, leaving back, green sides
all ablaze with sheets of flame.

There is a little angle, in the town wall, a
ledge with a seat running along it. –
a railing to save one from the precipice
Where the natives of Rye nightly observe
the sunset. The sun sets just behind
Winchelsea, staining with that too
steep wild space of air, a Chequering
the marsh land with liquid yellow,
& mellow shadow, before blotting it out
once again for another night. The
mounds & cliffs, – you can call them hills,
so sudden & ~~precipitous~~ unexpected as they,
they solidify an evening draws on, &
make great soft blots in the landscape.
Otherwise so wide & simple. And
then there the sea is still to them to the
South, hoarding the last blue, & still
seeing about its business, carrying ruddy
fishing boats, & ash the busy craft & steamers.
Now there is a pale yellow light, opening
& shutting as some jungle eye, & a breeze
the wind drives the old creature who
lives drinking their last dose of sunlight, to
shelter. With they have a lamp, & read some
pious gross old book? & the letter from some
Daughter in service!
people night after night.
You meet the same

NYPL

Sept. 12th

Here I shall make a short note
of an effect last night I had been
taking a long walk over a wood free which
with its dry brittle heat & its
light clouds of smoke always inducing
a curious dragged sleep, almost
intolerably heavy. With, during about
½ this for hours as I thought,
for upon last, like a hover wing
from earth & water — were as above
the trees, where A. was looking at
the moon. Then breaking upwards
come over me that we should each be
the same people, in the two bodies
wondering now [illegible] alive, now for different
to pass, in the pale light. Sleep —
night, I suppose should stop in our [illegible]
some time: but here we are as
dream enabled as ever. Then — in the
effect I think of a night which is
night: the process seem continued
indefinitely, & infinitely beautiful.

NYPL

September here mean that the
poles are stripped naked of the foliage
of hop. Indeed a hop-field is a
fearsome place, strutting and planted with alley,
& laced across with tender green
ribbons, [illegible] the sun
is at stained yellow — green
& yet warm beneath shade. Now
I say, this has gone, as though
beneath the heat of storm; &
the shadows, as it is September, are
perceptibly thinner, nor is the coolness
they offer grateful after the
tempered pungent cheerful heat of the
sun. Often have I observed this
& changes; the substance. The lushness,
as gone out of things; hedges & fields
the sky & the trees — all are grey &
shrivelled a little before the winter
frosts. And yet, on a generous day,
the light is lovelier, more warmer, more
melancholy, as of some perpetual
afternoon.

Wells.

Aug 1st - 14th 1908.

NYPL

When I read this book, which I do
sometimes on a hot Sunday evening in
London, I am struck by the
wildness ~~& carelessness~~ of its statements —
the carelessness of its descriptions — the
repetition of its adjectives — & in
short I pronounce it a very hasty
work, but I cease merely by
remembering in what circumstances it
was written. After a day cutting,
or ~~as I~~ when half an hour is
vacant, ~~in the~~ it was a relief from some
Greek tragedy — at different times, &
in different moods it is written,
& I am certain that if I imposed
any other conditions upon myself
it would never be written at all.
Did I not take it to Cornwall at
Easter, & determine to write something
serviceable — & did I even write my
address!
So much more I return to the no
method; protesting merely, that
I am conscious ~~that it~~ of its faults —
the ~~greatest~~ of vanity.

NYPL

I live in these buildings about as near the
sacred precincts as possible— Bells
toll, & people shuffle down the Close
to prayers. It is exactly the place
for in which some grey superstition should
linger; what breath can ever blow down
these crooked alley, ash covered with
mediaeval Carved Stone, a print wheels in the 17th
Century is precisely the same as a photograph
of wheels in the 19th. But if
Christianity is ever tolerable, it is
tolerable in these old sanctuaries; partly
because age has robbed it of power,
when you can fondle a senile old creature,
for fear ~~at the same time~~ when you must strike with ash you
~~young & lusty. young, a person who~~
~~[illegible] from same voice~~ nevertheless
the young minister to the old; these or
theological students ~~engineers~~, young who
men lately come from college,
serve up their dry to studying it to
laws, & with grin up their lives
expounding them. As a matter apart
they will learn, a fish, a lion must
the same lines as the smaller country
[illegible] The Cathedral [illegible]
society.

dominates the whole place, a well
without it is no more than a pleasant
country town, with the usual number of
Antiquities: I believe I wrong it there.
Certain night walk have shown me
battlements & a moat; & there is a
stately Square, which, when I first saw it,
was crowded with farmers, listening in a
circle, to a vociferation [illegible] little man
in a cap & gown; he walked round a
round his compound, in the middle of which
a boy held his standard - a flaring
gas Jet. His hands thus were
not known the rich- He had inhale
lips, a an infinite succession of phrases -
I forget why he used them, I could not
[illegible]. Perhaps the peroration was to
celebrate some wand of spells, for he
did not look a disinterested servant
of truth.
When I came here first, in the evening.
I was delighted by the short little ways
like hills which seemed to form ash round
me; to culminate in one high mound
upon which stood the oblong of Glastonbury
Tor. Daylight show [illegible] that the country

is full of curves, & on one side they rise & continue very high - & , a mile or two outside the town become the Mendips. Somerset form houses are built of grey stone, are of great age, - have a way of tacking into some recess or the base go down, & thereby to make room for the flat lawn, protected by a wall, which generally lie before them. They are sheltered places.

Mr. Wall was heard to night holding one of the long gossips with the 'gentlemen' 'The Church', the man saying, is like a tree. And then her metaphor bloomed; & I think 'Chapters' were a blight, & Apostasy a canker - She is a Conservative, & distrusts working men who make - would show them their weakness if she were consulted - for she is the staunchest believer in the Church, & the superior powers & the Gentry. who treat her so kindly. & I am sure she gets more consideration from them than from her own class, with a pleasanter air & ask.

NYPL

But she deserves a little closer attention. When I first saw her, wavering about in the passage with clasped hands & bent shoulders, ready to welcome me, but keeping the distance, I said this is exactly what I had imagined of Mrs Wall. She does not change, but is a subtler study than I expected. She has had this house for 30 years, & the number of students she has had in her charge must be some hundreds. She speaks of them as 'my gentlemen' or, when she warms, 'my boys'. 'It hurts me when they go, as though I lost a child'. She has been intimate with many, not a landlady, but a comfortable old gossip & confidante. It begins with care for their teas & dinners, & for she keeps an eye on their punctuality & would perhaps say something if they missed a lecture, & stayed too late in bed. She knows more than they do - who stay a year & pass - of rules & characters, & must often put them up to useful information. They in their turn, ask after her rheumatics, & spoil her cat. So far as I know her, she is a woman of patient, deft, & indefatigable industry - whose garrulity is checked by the fact that she

NYPL

must be sewing or cleaning, but she begins, I suspect, to allow herself
some liberties; & the fine middle aged daughter,
has with a kindly pride in her
~~memories~~ multifarious memories the
mother, eggs her on to waste a little
time. But the mother is not to be
hoodwinked, & it behoves that she
does her work still better than any
former woman. I can imagine that
she is jealous of all the insignia of
her office - the keys - & gold - & ordering of
provisions, & will not entrust these to
any one else.
Indeed, a woman of 75, who has had
ten children, placed them & lost them,
a widow, who for 30 years has
paid her rent, & kept her house going,
must have come by a certain insight
& tact besides what we call
commonly 'knowledge of the world'
I can imagine shrewd wisdom issuing from
her lips, in no weak shape; & a
distinct course taken deliberately, through
difficult matters.
But ~~she is not~~ in spite of this sharpness,
She is not one of the embers, & dwells
with the mildest optimism upon the
past & the present round her. Small

being occupy he, & her tongue is always
ready to entertain you a story about the
Greatrexes & the Judways family, or
the Weather, or the Cat, or Flowers,
She will dwell independently upon her
gentlemen. She has a sitting room,
where every visitor, respect, has to do
homage; here are lives & letters
photographs of young men & hats;
here are pictures of wells, & pictures of
Bishops; ~~she keeps~~ she has a story for
such ~~others~~, & a, generally, a
word of praise. & gratitude for his
kindness.
Never was there a more amiable,
useful old creature than her!
Well; & I repeat that if we
knew at her life we should
judge it one of the happiest.
She began to talk, now of retirement,
but of death; 'I tell 'em I shant be
here next time' — the time she means
being the commemoration, which takes
place once in four years. 'Still, she
adds, with a contented little smile,
I said that last time — & here I am still!"

NYPL

The Close has filled itself with the sleepy students, & I am not sorry to hear. For they live a healthy life, in a dull way, much conversation, walking about stairs, & greeting at the gate — the cheery male voice is as the drone of bluebottles in my ear.

I have moved to a darky old house in the Green; to one of those spacious houses, which are rather shabby — for at present now but were built for prosperity. A candle has to burn perpetually in a cone, to illumine the steep stairs; which have a carved oaken banister & carved oak. A great bale window at the landing. A tree, all heavy-set dashed with foliage stands directly in front of the windows, & increases the dimness & the atmosphere within. The Cathedral Green is in its rather quiet way for the time it reaches the far corner, for may not walk, seems here to have its sacred character — is full of a kind of reverence for the property of the lodging — which houses children. The neighbouring houses. My house has two children attached to it, & I

NYPL

led to think a good deal about the
nature of children. They play
all day in front yrne. Dis I ever
play all day when I was a child!
I cant remember it. They have
no regular games, or hours; but
merely fumble about, hit at balls,
upset chairs, run into the house &
out again, fall & hurt themselves,
fly into passions, & talk nonsensically.
At a certain hour the smallest
child, aged 3 gets tired & runs off to
her mother, who put her to bed; she
wakes, & comes out to join the sport again.
How it may excell mine in waking,
that today was to be like other days!
& they would do no more than
kick a ball, would they enjoy it?
I believe not. The fruth is, that each
kick is an adventure. that may be entirely
contrary anything else; each time they
come frolicing into the green, they really
see something not seen before, & feel some
new sensation. To wear a new hat is an
immense pleasure. so Audrey. the 3 year old
told me. Or perhaps, it would be
more accurate to say that men loose as
so fast & disconnected incidents that they
really never perceive. that they do the
same things again & again. They never
have a theory, & cannot tell you how many days,
true time

NYPL

this country has to my mind one fatal
fault - no sea. Still really fair
solely but for may has a wide view
from them of the sea, the horizon, &
one or two ships between. Then you
get a kind of flower cup round
you; you return instead to the same
field again. But when you
see nothing but land, stationary all
round you on all sides, you are
conscious of being stuffed, as a flat
board. Yesterday however, it
at last to showed this fact; all
this air was heavy with fattened
Clouds - or watery air not wounded into
a form; the most beautiful sky there
is, perhaps; it is always moving, always
letting through different lights & shades
on to the land below. It is a
wide land, hilly, like the sea, full
of mounds, a high line on the horizon.
Then the sun cleared, you
of green & brown earth showed in the
middle of this brown chromatic scheme
sand, which was coloured like some
drawing in brown oak.
& the world lay before me, a rich domain,

The Kingdoms

NYPL

flowering in the fields with apples, -
meadows, with grey villages hung in
hollows, & little steeples. Far away the
sea, into which the land may spill its
treasures. In Cornwall, I never
think of the kingdom, or the population -
this view stands for many I suppose,
as a symbol of their mother England -

NYPL

Manobia is as different a place from
Wales as I could have chosen. It is
a bare country, scarcely inhabited, &
has one church which does duty for many
miles, is a threadbare place, a
grey barn some 5 centuries old,
to which a tower has been added
at one end. The little bay however,
is guarded by an immense
mass of rock, the Castle; it is still
foursquare, &, when it is dark- for one
a red glare in some of the slits &
openings, which tells that some
one finds it still warm enough to live
in. Why anyone should be necessary
to build such a fortress here, I cannot
remember. & at present the character of the
land seems markedly worn & poverty
stricken, as though it could not support
such a monster; & perhaps lay crushed
beneath its feet. However this
may be; I like my view yet. I
have lodgings in a perfectly peaceful
cottage, inhabited by a stone mason & his
wife. I see in a room that overlooks

NYPL

to their kitchen & observe the road.
In the evening I walk down to the beach,
which I have to myself, & pace a few
times beside the sea. I like to turn
back from looking out along the dreary
& melancholy Gray surface, & to find
a beautiful reflection of it in the grey
sand, a pale green & grey sandhills,
sprinkled with sheep, & just coloured
by with a dozen sky grey cottages.
No one will ever make this a watering
place, I prophesy; it wants somehow the
boldness & daily confidence to be a success.
I have not walked far, but my investigation
tend to show that there is something
a little weak in the coast. It is just
two low, or two sharp to be impressive.
The sand within swells into long breakers.
I walked through a little village the other
day which seemed to me as deserted as any
I had seen. There were cottages splashed
with cream coloured wash, out of which came
great old women, tremendous age;
their faces were all white ridges, without
any spirit left. Ah, the loneliness of
little distant places! I saw but
one pitiful boy who was all tricoloured, & there
was only one house that tried to be a
home - to wear the distinct air. It had
some old ornament of pitiful stones in the
pathways.

NYPL

I come down from my room in the
Barclays house at about half past nine,
the blowing at my lamp, & bearing my
books. Sometime it is quite calm &
grey outside, but tonight I was faintly
whirled round by the wind & the rain.
The only guide I had was the crunch
of gravel beneath my feet - I could
neither see nor hear. I suppose a
cat dread I should entrance the hous-
before I saw him. Nevertheless, I
I had but 200 yards to walk, &
by moving my legs automatically, I
became aware of a shape like a hu
black & large boat on one side of me,
& the faint effulgence of a window.
I left other people are on the roads,
leading their horses, or driven to
turn in at wayside cottages. The
wind is really high; it is terrible
grass to sit as I do, behind a pane of
glass, with a glaring lamp beside me.
Even so, I write at my candle. I
can't read at ease, for the wind &
always leaping on to my own back. I
hear water too. & the fluttering of
little feet beside my window. Think of
Earth given up to this power tonight!

NYPL

Harry Richmond
La Cousine Bette.
Wuthering Heights.

NYPL